

Perfect by xsleepylilgeekyx

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Characters: Dustin Henderson, Eleven (Stranger Things), Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mentioned characters: - Character, Mentions Of Mike and El's granddaughter, Mentions of Mike and El's son, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Sara Wheeler, Will Byers

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Summary:

Mike Wheeler listens in on one of the songs his 16 year old daughter was playing and starts to reminisce on the memories he shared with El when they were younger because of the song.

// Set in 2017 // Based off "Perfect" by Ed Sheeran // Mike and El make me happy

Perfect

Author's Note:

I keep hearing this song on the radio and I love it and it screamed Mike and El to me, so I've worked on this for the past three days! Enjoy!

Mike Wheeler sat in his recliner, scrolling through Facebook on his iPad while the TV played old episodes of Rosanne. He pushed his glasses up the bridge of his nose and continued to scroll, shaking his head as he saw his daughter Sara's recent post about laughing their way through depression followed by a 'meme' as she called it.

El was visiting her adoptive dad and step-mom at their home on the other side of Hawkins, Indiana to let Hopper and Joyce see their grand-daughter from her and Mike's eldest son Benjamin.

There was a loud beep noise that sounded from the upstairs meaning that Sara has connected to her speaker that she had just gotten for her sixteenth birthday and soon he heard the beginning melody of whatever song that was going to play; He was scared for what genre.

"I found a love for me
Darling just dive right in
and follow my lead,"

Mike knew the guys voice because Sara was obsessed with him but he couldn't fit the name. Ethan? Wait, Ed! Ed Shurina... or something along that line.

Mike put down his iPad and just listened; He couldn't like. This man had a nice voice.

"Well I found a girl, beautiful and sweet"
I never knew you were someone waiting for me
'Cause we were just kids when we fell in love"

He smiled at the memories playing through his mind.

The first time Mike Wheeler knew he was in love with Jane Hopper

was when they were watching the cheesy soap opera ‘The Days of Our Lives’ on the couch in her and Hopper’s small cabin in the woods while they ate eggos and drank soda.

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El had her eyes glued to the screen, awaiting to know what had happened to one of her favorite characters; her fork was still in her mouth.

“He’s not going to die El,” He told her. “Watch, it’s going to be shown that the person that was just hurt didn’t get hurt at all. Just dreamt it.”

“Shut up Mike.”

He laughed and continued to watch; His prediction being true.

“How did you know that was going to happen?”

“All shows like these are predictable El.”

El narrowed her eyes and smirked, “Just like your campaigns.” She took a bite of her eggo and winked; a sparkle in her eye.

“Oh now it’s on.” He told her, taking both their plates and pushing them aside. His fingers attacked furiously against her ribcages causing her to squeal and kick her legs, trying to break free from his grasp.

Tears of laughter was streaming down her face as she wheezed for air. He finally let go of her and she laid on the couch, panting, trying to catch her breath.

He stared at her. Her curls were out of control and she was smiling despite her trying to look mad. She looked adorable.

“I love you El.”

El’s eyes widened and she finally got her breath back. He noticed what he just let slip out of his mouth; Oh god. You’ve ruined this now Mike! He continued to look at El as she just sat there speechless.

She quickly connected their lips together before pulling away, “I love you Mike.”

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They were still young at that time. Mike had just turned fourteen and El was still waiting for her fourteenth birthday. He was spending time with her before his birthday party later that evening since she was still in hiding so he spent all his time in her house until she was free to go out like a normal child.

*"Not knowing what it was
I will not give you up this time
But darling, just kiss me slow, your heart is all I own,
and in your eyes you're holding mine."*

Another memory crossed his mind.

They were just fifteen and stupidly dumb in love yet both of them had as much knowledge in romance as a brick.

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"Mike?" El piped up, breaking the quiet of their studying time for their English test the next day. He hummed in response while he continued to read over the chapter notes on a Shakespeare play. "What's making out?"

He stopped and looked up, "W-What?"

"Making out." El repeated. "Stacy asked if we had made out yet earlier in gym."

"Well- uh, it's... it's like a normal kiss, but... longer." He told her. "Usually more movement and... uh, tongue."

El made a disgusted face, "Tongue kissing?"

"Yeah." He responded, trying to find where he left off on the page. "It's... It's weird."

"Wanna try?"

He could feel his heart dropped to his stomach. El just asked him if he wanted to make out with her. Slow kiss her.

“Uh... sure?”

El took both her and his books and sat them on the table beside the couch in his basement. Both of them staring at each other awkwardly and they couldn't help but laugh.

He leaned in and placed his lips on El's. They held the kiss for a few seconds before he started to add movement. El followed along, pausing a bit but continuing. Soon enough, he slipped his tongue in El squealed.

“I'm sorry!” He apologized.

El giggled, “Don't be, silly.”

She pulled him back to the kiss.

There they were: Two dumb teenage lovers kissing slow on the couch in the basement for the amazement of only each other. Their brown eyes met each other's mid kiss which made time seem to go by so much slower.

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Mike never really listened to his daughter's music just because it changed so much but he could understand why she really liked this man and his music.

He awaited the next line.

*“Baby, I'm dancing in the dark with you between my arms
Barefoot on the grass, listening to our favorite song
when you said you looked a mess. I whispered
underneath my breath
but you heard it, darling, you look perfect tonight.”*

Tears pricked in Mike Wheeler's eyes.

It was 1989.

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Eric Carmen's song 'Hungry Eyes' played from the turn table that was set up near the other tables. Nancy and Jonathan were hand-in-hand as they

talked to the other couples; Rings now adorning their fourth left finger.

Kids were running around playing as the summer sun was going down.

He and El stood near a tree, just a good distance away where they could still hear the music that was playing.

El had discarded her heels, saying she preferred the feeling of grass between her toes and had even persuaded him to take his shoes off even though he disagreed with her for a good five minutes.

So there he and El stood, barefoot in the grass while the chorus of song picked up. El was swaying to the music; it was one of her favorite songs ever since Mix made her the mix tape with it on.

Every once in a while, El would blow the curl that had fallen down out of her face but it kept falling back in between her eyes. She groaned and tucked it back behind her ear even though she knew it was going to make an appearance in a few minutes.

"Oh no." El said as she looked down and saw a new stain on her light grey dress. "Everything is getting messy." She groaned as she looked at the stain. "I look so bad."

He rolled his eyes at El as he watched her pout her lip over the incredibly tiny stain. "You always look perfect."

"What?"

"Nothing."

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Mike wasn't even paying attention to anything. He was staring at the wall, tears forming in his eyes as he continued to be captivated by this song. The only thing he could hear were these song lyrics.

*"Well I found a woman, stronger than anyone I know
She shares my dreams. I hope that someday I'll share her home."*

Mike considered buying concert tickets to see this man.

*"I found a love, to carry more than just my secrets
to carry love, to carry children of our own."*

He remembered having a conversation like this. They were seventeen,

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They laid there, a tangle of limbs in his bed. The blanket thrown over their legs even though half of it was in the floor. They were playing with each other's hands while they stared up at his ceiling. A song was playing softly from his radio.

"Mike?"

"Yes babe?"

"Remember when we were thirteen and I had just learned what marriage was?" He nodded and turned his head. Their brown eyes met before El sighed and looked back at the ceiling. "Aren't you supposed to have kids when you're married?"

He gulped, "Uh, some can... or they can adopt or whatever. Some don't even want to have any."

El turned to her side, "Do you want kids when you're older?"

He shrugged. Yeah, he wanted kids. He thinks it would be nice to have his own kid that he made with the girl of his dreams. Of course, that girl is El. He wanted to have a kid that was the creation of him and El to show the love they had.

He didn't want that until they were settled down and married.

"I, uh, I mean. It would be nice too." He responded but his tone completely changed as he saw an odd expression on El's face. "Only if you wanted too though. It's completely up to you." El bit back on her lip. He could tell she had something on her mind. "Why are you asking?"

"I dunno..." She said, turning with her back facing him and she scooted until her back met with his chest. "I don't know if I can have babies Mike."

“Hm?”

“Because of the tests they did on me in the lab... I don’t know if I can have babies... What if something got destroyed? Then I won’t be able to give you a baby like you want in a few years and you won’t love me anymore.”

A tear slipped down her cheek and he pulled her close to him. He could tell she was upset by this. “Don’t think down on this El. We’ve still got years until a baby should be in our thoughts okay? And even if you can’t, I’m still going to love you just the same. Nothing will ever stop me from loving you.”

“Are you sure?”

He nodded. He loved this girl more than anything. “Promise. One day we’ll share a home and have kids, even if they’re not biologically ours. Don’t worry.”

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To Mike’s pleasure, he and El did get to have a child of their own when she fell pregnant in late 1995. She had major complications with their son which caused her to be in the hospital a lot which scared her to death. The lab did mess up her body when it came to carrying a child which caused her to go into premature labor at seven months. However, Benjamin Michael Wheeler is now a healthy 21 year old police officer.

“We are still kids, but we’re so in love fighting against all odds I know we’ll be alright this time.”

They waited a few more years before trying for a second child, hoping it would be fine but they fell into another complication, nearly losing the baby and once again, El gave birth prematurely which left her and the baby in the hospital for months. Now, Sara Theresa Wheeler is the 16 year old playing the song that was about to make Mike cry.

Mike glanced at his wedding band which had been on his finger and

never left once since 1993 when they were married.

*"Darling, just hold my hand
be my girl, I'll be your man
I see my future in your eyes."*

He remembered the constant bullying he got all through high school because he relied on one girl and one girl only.

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He groaned in pain as he held his rib. Troy's foot had just been accompanying it quite well as he sent kick after kick to him. A bunch of Football players teamed up on him, calling him names about being such a loser that only one girl could like him. He sat against the wall, coughing as he felt nothing but pain. He replayed what had just happened in his mind.

"Wheeler is so unlovable that the only love he can get is from a loser of a girl."

"Don't talk about my girlfriend like that Troy."

"How many girls you kissed Wheeler, one? Pathetic. How many girls have you slept with Wheeler, wait, have you even slept with that psychotic little bitch or is she too good for you?"

"Fuck you Troy." He said, aiming a punch at Troy's face.

Troy ended up taking control of the fight, which lead to Mike being the way he was now.

"Mike!" He heard the familiar scream. "Mike!" It was getting closer. "Where are you Mike?" El had finally spotted him, running over to him. "Oh Mike, why did Troy do this?"

"How did you know it was Troy?"

"He said my 'pussy' boyfriend was waiting for me... so as he laughed, I made him faceplant his locker."

El crouched down and looked at the nasty cut on Mike's cheek. "It doesn't hurt."

"It doesn't matter." El said, "I'm your girlfriend and I'm going to take care of you."

He smiled as he looked up into his favorite shade of brown. Her eyes were focused on the cut on his cheek but all the pain seemed to cease to him as he looked into her eyes. He grabbed her hand, "Hey."

"Hey?"

"I love you."

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There was a short pause in the music and Mike's eyes lingered the room.

*"Baby, I'm dancing in the dark, with you between my arms
Barefoot on the grass, listening to our favorite song.
When I saw you in that dress, looking so beautiful
I don't deserve this, darling, you look perfect tonight."*

Mike's eyes caught the picture frame on the fireplace mantle. A picture from the Spring of 1989.

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A shiny tiara was placed upon El's head by the principal of Hawkins High School as a silver crown was placed upon his own head.

Applause broke out around the big ballroom as the principal took the microphone, announcing to everyone in the audience. "Introducing the 1989 Hawkins High School Homecoming King and Queen: Mike Wheeler and Jane Hopper!"

He remembered how happy El looked as she felt the tiara on her head, "Pretty?"

"Beautiful."

Both of them walked hand-in-hand back to ground floor where Dustin, Lucas, and Will all cheered as Max laughed, "I knew you guys would win. I think everyone would've been scared of what El would do if she didn't

win.”

El rolled her eyes, “Oh shut up MadMax.”

The familiar sound of ‘Every Breath You Take’ filled the room and people started to partner together and go to the dance floor. Lucas and Max went while Dustin went with Katie Johnson. Will was with one of the new kids named Thomas.

“May I have this dance, my queen?” He asked her and she nodded.

“You may, my king.”

Mike placed his hands on her waist while she connected her arms around his neck.

“Remember dancing to this five years ago?” He asked her and she blushed.

“It was my first time I ever been to a dance, I didn’t know how.” El responded, laying her head on his chest as she stepped closer. “I still don’t.”

“We’ve figured it out.”

He glanced down at El again, taking into notice about how well the light green dress fit her curves.

“You seriously look so beautiful El.” He told her and she looked up at him. He kissed her on the lips. “So beautiful and so, so perfect.”

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The crown and tiara are still in a glass case in their closet, along with a single rose from the bouquet she got when she won.

“Baby, I’m dancing in the dark, with you between my arms
Barefoot on the grass, listening to our favorite song
I have faith in what I see
now I know I have met an angel in person.
And she looks perfect.
I don’t deserve this

you look perfect tonight.”

Mike glanced at the photo that was in the middle of the mantel. A picture from November 7th, 1993.

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Their wedding day. Surrounded by people they knew and people who loved them. The DJ announced it was time for the bride and grooms first dance so everyone cleared the way for the two of them.

Her head resting on his chest with his arms wrapped around her as they swayed to the song; everyone staring at them in awe.

“Hey Jane Wheeler.”

El laughed, “El Wheeler.”

He kissed the top of her head as they slowly danced, both barefoot on the cold November grass. Even with all the eyes on them, it still felt as if they were the only two people that were on earth.

She looked like an angel, the way the white dress fit her body. He was so happy he could finally call this woman his wife.

“Hey El?”

“Mhm?”

“You look perfect tonight.”

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The song finally came to an end and skipped to the next song. Mike’s eyes were full of tears as those waves of memories hit him. Not one memory did he regret. He finally got to be with the woman of his dreams and he has two amazing kids with.

Mike thought it was crazy that one song could capture highlights of his life with the girl he met with a buzz-cut in the rain at the age of 12; He was disappointed it didn’t come out sooner.

Mike wiped the tears from his eyes and got up from his recliner, making his way up the stairs and down the hall, knocking on the door. He heard the next song pause and footsteps. The door handle turned.

“Oh hey daddy.” Sara said, “Whatcha need?”

“What was that song you were just playing?”

“Uh, Perfect by Ed Sheeran.” Sara responded, “Why?”

“I need you to play it for your mother when she gets home.”

Sara raised an eyebrow, right then she looked exactly like El. “Uh, okay. Any specific reason.”

“She’ll know exactly why.”

Sara rolled her eyes, “You and mom’s everlasting love... It’s sickly adorable.”

Mike laughed and ruffled Sara’s curly brown hair, “Can you play that song again?”

“I guess so...” She fake groaned as she hit the back button on her phone, letting the song start over. “Happy now?”

“Yes.” Mike responded to his daughter, “It’s perfect.”

Author's Note:

Kudos and Comments please :) let me know what you think!!!